

February...

... interlude ... yes, interlude ...
no worries ... hopes ... aspirations
... but Lord! ... how dull ...

*Oh some may date from the birth of Christ
Some from the Mohammed heijira
But I? I knew her, long before
The Princess Eugenie hat era ...
From the Lyrics of Little Joe*

■ February ... with snow crunching underfoot ... with the noise of someone nibbling dry toast ... mercury sliding down below zero ... a full moon ... the age old thought as you wend homeward from Fresh Painter's rehearsal ... or back from the Library ... Maybe it struck you then ... all of a sudden ... "And I might be ... with yesterday's seven thousand years ..."

■ February ... the thesis progressing slowly ... bull sessions ... and a sad tune from someone's radio ... prying about the room with delicate fingers ... Scattered items in the News ... luncheon gossip ... pledges who didn't make the grade ... meteors flashing briefly across the campus heavens ... brilliant entry ... obscure exodus ...

■ February ... turtleneck sweaters with high collars ... Camel ad hats ... those cigarette ads in the Bearcat ... quite clever ... February and reminders to Seniors ... graduation pictures ... The Sophomore Hop ... Cadet Officers' Ball ... wordy stories in the News about the two hundred who went ... to be read by the four thousand seven hundred who didn't ... Scabbard and Blade pledging ... but they do every year ... All this old stuff for you ... Basketball over too ... we beat Miami ... Elijah ... they said it was pretty good ... and Halliburton talked at the "Y" ...

■ February ... how it drags ... Greek Games tryouts ... you never have been to Greek Games? ... must go this year! ... but then ... never have been to a Sophomore Hop ... or candied all afternoon in front of the Commons ... February ... musing ... maybe if you had studied ... you might have made Phi Beta Kappa ... and those drums of time? ... well ... you once felt that way ... only four more months ... Thank God!